

# Newport Mercury.

**THE**  
**Newport Mercury,**







**for the Children**

**Swimming for Life.**

"No sign of a sail yet, Jim?"

"Nary one, Jack. I guess our time's come."

Jim Hackett had indeed some cause for saying so; and he said it in a dejected tone, which was rare indeed with him. To be afloat 'on a boundless sea without knowing where one is, or having any means of finding out, is an awful

ing any means of reaching land, is an upward matter at best; but to be adrift in the middle of the Pacific without food or water, in an open boat, under a scorching sun, with not a sail in sight, might well make the bravest man despair. Slowly and wearily the worn-out men (sole survivors of the fearful disaster which had destroyed their vessel and all their shipmates) rose to their feet and

"Not a sail anywheres," repeated Hackett despondently, "and we can't catch one o' them fish that's a-frolickin' around the boat by hundreds. God help

"So he will, my boy, never fear. D'ye remember how, when we two were at school together in the old Bay State, our old teacher used to be always spinning a

yearn about some captain who (when his ship was aground and likely to go to pieces any minute), after he'd given his orders and done all he could, said his prayers and lay down to sleep; and the admiral when he heard of it, said he was the bravest man he'd ever known? Now, Jim, let's just say our prayers, and then have a nap; for I reckon we've done all we can, and the rest's in better hands than ours."

prayer which the doomed men uttered, in their extremest need, from the midst of the desolate sea. A few minutes later both were sound asleep under the scanty shelter which the rag of sail could give against the life destroying heat of the sun. They slept for some time, but, at length the increasing coolness of the evening air after the scorching heat of the day began to have its natural effect upon the two sleepers. They awoke almost at the same moment rubbed their eyes, and then sat up and looked around them. The sun was beginning to sink.

but everything was still as light as noon-day, and a fresh breeze had sprung up ruffling the smooth surface into countless ripples.

"Jim," cried Jack, suddenly, in a tone of great excitement, "your eyes are better'n mine; look out there to the nor'west, and see if you make out anything."

"I guess I do," cried his companion, joyfully. "Hold on a minute till I make sure. Yes, it is, sure enough—it's a sail!"

With clenched teeth and straining eyes the two castaways stood watching for the distant speck on which hung their only chance of life. All at once a kind of spasm shook their rugged faces as it became terribly evident that the course she was steering would not bring her anywhere near their boat. They tried to signal with the remnant of their sail, but it was neither large enough nor high enough to be seen at such a distance. They made frantic efforts to shout, but the feeble cry which their parched throats could utter would not have been heard 60 yards off.

Suddenly, just when all hope seemed

gone, the wind shifted, and the vessel was seen to alter her course. The cast-aways raised a faint hurrah; but in another moment Jim's keen eye perceived that although this new tact would bring the ship much nearer to them than be-

"There's only one way now, mate," said he, firmly, and I'm a-going to try it,

A loud splash followed the words, and Jim Hackett, looking up with a start, saw his comrade's round black head already several yards away from the boat. But he saw something else, which startled him even more, and that was a huge

black object, which rose suddenly through the smooth, bright water, and darted swiftly and silently in pursuit of his unconscious comrade.

"Look out; Jack!" shouted he, with all the power of his falling voice; "here's a shark!"

Scarcely had he spoken when a second shark appeared, and the daring swimmer found himself beset on both sides at once. His only chance was to make a

much stir and splashing in the water as possible, thus keeping the cowardly sea-pirates at bay; but the efforts exhausted even more rapidly his fast failing strength. What a terribly long way off

the vessel seemed: and supposing she would alter her course again, where would he be? Instinctively he glanced back toward the boat. The boat ~~was~~ gone! Gone, as if it had never been—hidden behind the long smooth swells that rose high above his head every moment. There was no return for him now, for he knew not even which direction to

for he knew him even when Streeton took him, and when he went, struggling for life with limbs that grew weaker with every stroke, while the cruel eyes and gaping jaws on either side drew closer and closer, hungering for their prey.

"Sam," said a keen-eyed sailor to his chum, glancing over the vessel's port quarter, "ain't that mighty like a man somehow?"

"A man!" echoed the passing captain, bringing his telescope to his eyes. "Thunder! so it is! put her about, smart, and stand by to lower the boat!"

The help came more too soon, for Jack was so spent that he could only gasp out,

"My mate—yonder—boat." But it was quite enough. Half an hour later Jim Luckett was safe on board likewise; and the two rescued men lived to tell their children and grandchildren the story of their adventure in the Pacific.

[David Ker, in *Harper's Young People*.]





**JACOB L. GREENE, President.**  
JOHN M. TAYLOR, Secretary.  
**JAS. W. DAY, General Agent,**  
48 Weybosset-st, Providence, R. I.





Two three cent stamps to pay postage. Address—Dr. P. Ordway & Co., Boston, Mass.

"Why," asked a governess of her little grandchild, "do we pay God to give us our daily bread?" "Because we want it fresh," replied the ingenious child.

"Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success.—Dr. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 60c.," suggested.

"It is a law sayin' dat one bird in de han' wuth two in de bush," says Uncle Mose. "It may be wuth more ter de man, but it 's not wuth half as much ter de bird."

Practice makes perfect. True, but a man can continue to grow a lot better as

What ought to go together?—a turnip  
patch and an eighteen carat gold chain.

## New Advertisements.

## Hood's Sarsaparilla

Combines, in a proportion peculiar to itself, the active medicinal properties of the best blood purifying and strengthening remedies of the vegetable kingdom. It will positively cure—when in the power of medicine—Gout, Rheumatism, the largest and greatest conditions of the blood, and all diseases arising from an impure state of low condition of the blood.

## Success at Home.

Hood's Sarsaparilla has met success at home never accorded to any other proprietary medicine. It has successfully combated the strongest opposition, and by its superior merit, commands the largest sale and greatest confidence wherever introduced.

A bottle of Hood's Sarsaparilla contains ten days' treatment and lasts a month. Others have less than a week's use, and prove it the strongest and most economical of all.

## Living Witnesses.

We ask special attention to the fact that testimonials published by us are from individuals who are now living and enjoying the health which the use of Hood's Sarsaparilla has given them.

Dr. J. P. Thompson, of Lowell, Registrar of Deaths for Middlesex County, Northern division, says: "Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies my blood, sharpens my appetite, and makes me over."

W. H. Curtis, Ticket Agent B. & M. R. R., Haverhill, Mass., writes: "I consider Hood's Sarsaparilla one of the best medicines for Spitting when the blood is in a low condition and needs cleansing."

## Dyspepsia

Does not get well of itself. If you have tried everything without benefit, stop giving up, and try Hood's Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands. It will cure you if you give it a fair chance. No other Sarsaparilla has such a strengthening effect upon the appetite; no other purifies the blood and strengthens the digestive organs like Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Hood's Sarsaparilla is not a drink but a concentrated medicine, compounded for the purpose of curing disease. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass. Sold by druggists.

## 100 Doses One Dollar

Hood's Sarsaparilla invigorates the agent, tones the stomach, and imparts new life and energy to all. If you are not well try this popular medicine. It is found to do you good. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

## THREE GOOD THINGS!

**1st** A tremendous bargain in an imported MARSEILLES QUILT at \$3.00, never before sold for less than \$3.75.

**2d** An UNLAUNDERED SHIRT at a very low price, which must be seen to be appreciated, and cannot be matched at nearly double the price.

**3d** An importer has sent us a large invoice of TABLE DAMASK, NAPKINS, and BIRD'S EYE DIAPERS, to be sold at unrivalled prices.

## SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO.

ANNUAL SALES, 50,000 TONS.

This old and reliable fertilizer, which has been on the market for eighteen years, is unsurpassed for use on Farm, Garden, Lawn or Flower Bed. It is a complete manure, rich in all the necessary elements. The farmer who plants his crops, looking to the money they will return, finds that every dollar's worth of

SOLUBLE PACIFIC GUANO is worth

applied to the soil, repays its cost many times over. Try it, and be convinced. Pamphlets, with testimonials, etc., forwarded free. If there is no local agent in your vicinity, address

GLIDDEN & CURTIS,

Gen'l Selling Agents, Boston, Mass.

GEO. A. WEAVER, Agent at Newport.

## TAYLOR &amp; BENNETT

119 THAMES STREET. 119

Our stock of OVERCOATS and Winter Suits is being reduced to such an extent that we offer the remainder at almost NO PRICE, to close it as nearly as possible before counting stock on March 1. You can buy at prices which are BELOW COST if you call at

TAYLOR & BENNETT'S,

119 Thames Street. 119

## Co-Partnership

NOTICE.

I have this day formed a copartnership with my son, J. D. Richardson, Jr., under the style and firm of

J. D. RICHARDSON & CO.

I desire to thank the public for the very liberal patronage extended for the past fifteen years, and solicit for the new firm a continuance of the same.

J. D. RICHARDSON.

Newport, R.I., Feb. 1, 1883.

AGENTS WANTED EVERYWHERE to sell Hood's Sarsaparilla. The best family medicine. It will cure all diseases of the blood, and all diseases arising from an impure state of low condition of the blood. It is found to do you good. Made only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

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## NEWPORT COUNTY NEWS.

## BLOOM ISLAND.

A COOL BATH.—While playing on the wharf at the harbor Saturday, Master Archie R. Dodge fell into the water. He was rescued by William Hooper after enjoying a rather cool bath.

While Mr. Day of the Connecticut House was returning on horseback from the mill, his horse became frightened and threw him off, inflicting a severe wound over the left eye.

The writing school at the Centre school house closed Friday evening the 23d, after a course of sixteen lessons. Miss Carrie E. Mott was awarded the prize for most improvement in penmanship.

Hon. N. Ball of the Ocean View, has been confined to the house for some time with a disabled knee. Dr. George Sweet of Wakefield, is attending him, and reports improvement.

The flags in the harbor were at half-mast in memory of Capt. Berton B. Dodge of the Annie Godfrey, who died Tuesday the 26th, after a very short illness.

There are several cases of mumps, and an eye disease is prevailing.

## LITTLE COMPTON.

ENTERTAINMENT.—On Monday evening last at the Congregational church in this village, Mr. Heicher, of Boston, gave a fine entertainment. His dramatic, optical illusions, scientific and mechanical developments far exceeded the expectations of an observing and attentive crowd. Both old and young were exceedingly delighted.

The young people in the town have a social gathering at the town hall every Wednesday evening.

A large quantity of fine oysters have been, and are now being taken from Quicksand pond, in this town.

An attractive exhibition is to be given at the Odd Fellows' hall, in this place this Saturday evening under the auspices of Seneca Lodge, I. O. of O. F.

F. R. Brownell, town clerk and justice of this town, has been confined to his house about three weeks with sickness. Consequently his office in the town hall has been closed most of the time. He is out again, although he is quite feeble.

The seal that was captured at South shore, in this town, a few weeks since, by Messrs. Kempton & McFarlin, is becoming quite docile, in consequence of being visited by so many people. It is thought they will take him through the country on exhibition, as soon as the weather becomes warm.

Edmund C. Tompkins and others have sold to Abram Read of Little Compton a lot of land in Westport adjoining land of George H. Wilbur on the east.

## TIVERTON.

GENEROUSITY.—Mr. Thomas Whitridge, a native of Tiverton, has given \$10,000 to the Butler Hospital, Providence.

Thomas B. Earle has sold for \$3000 to Samuel G. Hicks of Tiverton buildings and 125 acres of land in Westport, on the road to Hicks bridge.

Samuel Seabury has been appointed postmaster at Tiverton, and the post office at Quonocontaug has been discontinued.

## PORTSMOUTH.

JOTTINGS.—Miss Lizzie Murphy, daughter of Mrs. William Field was completely and agreeably surprised, on Wednesday evening, by the appearance, at her home of a large company of friends, accompanied with the proper requisites for a social and pleasant evening. The music was by Mr. George Perry, and Charles I. Coggeshall prompter.

On Tuesday evening at about half past ten o'clock, we were startled by a heavy rumbling sound, which is supposed to be the shock of an earthquake, this was followed by two lighter ones, at the same time there was a bright flash seen by those who were out. It was probably a meteor.

We have about concluded "Venetian" knows something whereof he prophesies of the weather, as we have not had a pleasant Sunday this year, which is according to his predictions.

## NEW ENGLAND ITEMS.

## RHODE ISLAND.

The New Bedford Standard says that Thomas Whitridge, a native of Tiverton, has given \$10,000 to the Butler Hospital of Providence.

Two very successful pastorates in Providence terminated Sunday. Rev. Dr. Behrens, the pastor of the Union Congregational Church, and his neighbor, Rev. E. P. Farnham, pastor of the Friendship Street Baptist Church, each delivered a farewell discourse to people who reluctantly consent to the parting.

## CONNECTICUT.

The examination of John R. Gibbs, at New Haven, Conn., the seventeen-year-old negro charged with having assaulted five women since October, was begun Saturday. The evidence goes to confirm his guilt. When Gibbs was arrested he was seen to throw away a small bottle. Ward, who was arrested at the same time, confessed that the bottle contained chloroform with which to stupefy the inmates of the house which they entered.

Jeremiah Davis, the Nonak (Conn.) shipbuilder, has in course of construction a new propeller steamer to be used exclusively in the lobster business. She will cost when completed \$2500. She will carry and take care of 180 traps. A new invention will be used by her. It consists of a basket contrivance to drop over the wheel in shallow water, or when among traps to fit snugly at the bottom of the vessel, the object being to keep the wheel clear of grass and the lines holding the pots.

Frankie, the twelve-year-old son of Dexter Hubbard, who has charge of the railroad telegraph office in the Union depot in New Haven, Conn., is probably the youngest telegrapher in the country

that can "read" by sound and "take" New York with ease. He is very expert, quick and reliable.

Within a distance of a half-mile from the Wallingford (Conn.) depot twenty-three persons have been killed by cars since the railroad was built.

Christopher McCann, of this city, was found Tuesday morning on the track below the depot, shockingly mangled. He was probably killed by the midnight train on the Consolidated road.

## MASSACHUSETTS.

The stockholders of the Newton National bank, at Newton, Mass., who lost \$371,000 by the Mollen, Ward & Co. swindle 10 years ago, have just had the amount refunded to them by the government.

A school at Beverly, Mass., has been closed for three weeks owing to nearly all of the thirty pupils having the measles.

There is to be a thorough prospect of the alleged coal mine in the town of Mansfield, Mass., and Professor Shaler of Harvard College heads the enterprise. One thousand acres of land belonging to Messrs. Edmund Briggs, John Bailey, George E. Bailey, Hugh Smith and George Sherman have been leased for ninety-nine years, with the condition that the lessees shall have the right to prospect for three years, for which right the sum of twenty-five cents per acre is to be paid, and at the end of that time, if the deposit is found in paying quantity, then fifty cents per acre shall be paid, and ten cents per ton for coal mined. The coal near the surface is slaty, but it is believed that farther down there is a rich deposit.

On Saturday, Roxborough, Mass., celebrated the 100th anniversary of the town's incorporation. Roxborough is composed of portions of what was once Littleton, Harvard and Stow. On Feb. 25, 1783, it was incorporated as a district and as a town May 1, 1830. The day was very quietly observed under the direction of the centennial celebration committee of which D. W. Colgate is chairman and G. F. Conant secretary.

The celebration was confined largely to the town hall, which was fitted for the occasion. The historical address was delivered by Rev. N. Thompson of the town, and short addresses were made by others. Sentiments and responses followed, interspersed with music by local talent. A dinner was served in the town hall.

## VERMONT.

A. S. Needham, one of the oldest residents of Montpelier, Vt., a life-long democrat, and proprietor of the Vermont house at Old Orchard Beach, died yesterday, aged about 70.

Mrs. Meaker, the Waterbury (Vt.) murderess, will be hanged at Windsor, March 23.

## MAINE.

Hon. Joseph T. Grant, of Ellsworth, Me., died Tuesday morning of heart disease. He was ex-Mayor and several times a member of the State legislature.

A nearly fatal accident happened to a scolar of logs at a camp above the Katahdin (Me.) Iron Works, about seventy miles above Bangor. He had been setting traps some five miles from the camp. On returning he struck through the woods to reach the camp above. He came across the small camp which had been used for shavings splits. This camp was full of shavings and dry as powder. He built a fire to warm himself, and lay down for a nap. He had been asleep about twenty minutes when he was awakened by a roaring, snapping sound all around him. The shavings had caught fire, and he was surrounded with flames. He leaped for the door, but before he could get out his clothes had taken fire. His whiskers and hair were burnt off and his hands and face and portions of his body were badly burned. As soon as he got out of the burning camp he extinguished the fire in his clothing by rolling in the snow. He was in a sad plight when he came into camp, beardless, hairless and almost naked. It was a narrow escape from a terrible death.

The schooner Willie H. Joyce, of Portland, reported overdue on a Newfoundland and herring voyage, has been given up as lost. She sailed from Fortunate Bay, January 20, and is supposed to have struck upon a reef at Sable Island and gone down with all on board. She had a crew of seven men, six of whom shipped at Gloucester and one in Nova Scotia.

The Congregational church in Searsport, Me., was closed last Sunday for the want of a pastor. For the first time since its dedication, some time in March, 1824.

A correspondent of the Ice Trade Journal estimates that the ice companies doing business along the Kennebec River have paid this season to the laborers more than \$150,000.

The annual appropriation bill of the City of Fall River looks up this year: \$710,750 against \$696,700 appropriated last year. The principal items are: fire department, \$30,000; highways, \$7000; interest, \$101,000; public schools, \$100,000; new school houses, \$18,000; paupers, \$25,000; police, \$73,000; sewers, \$40,000; sinking fund, \$32,555.57; street lights, \$19,000; water, \$53,000; water works extension, \$10,000. It costs something to run that city of spindles.

The gossips are trifling with Sammy Tilden's name again, they say he is to be married at once to a Miss Van Vechten of a quaint old knickerbocker family. Probably they will have him married twenty times before the summer is over.

Governor Butler keeps the Boston papers in a ferment all the time. They seem very anxious to know what he is going to do next. They will probably find out in due season.

## DRESSES DYED WITHOUT RIPPING.

AND FINISHED TO ORDER.

17 Temple Place. LEWANDO'S FRENCH DYE HOUSE.

PRICE LIST SENT FREE.

Weekly Almanac.

MARCH, 1883.

8 SATURDAY, 0 32 5 52 2 13 2 41

4 MONDAY, 0 39 5 54 3 02 3 40

6 MONDAY, 6 28 5 50 3 04 4 43

7 WEDNESDAY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

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29 THURSDAY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

30 FRIDAY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

31 SATURDAY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

1 APRIL, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

2 MAY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

3 JUNE, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

4 JULY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

5 AUGUST, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

6 SEPTEMBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

7 OCTOBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

8 NOVEMBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

9 DECEMBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

10 JANUARY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

11 FEBRUARY, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

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19 OCTOBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

20 NOVEMBER, 6 28 5 54 3 04 4 43

## New Advertisements.

## IMPORTANT

TO FARMERS!

If you want the BEST COMMERCIAL FERTILIZER

in the market, buy

Stockbridge's

Manures.

If you want the best CHILLED

PLOW in the market,

buy

The Wiard!

—OF—

John H. Peckham,

—AT—

BROADWAY.

Spring Campaign

We have started on our TWENTIETH

SEASON with a fresh line of the

following goods just received:

HATS

for Men, Boys and Youths.

—

SPRING OVERCOATS

—For Men and Youths.—

—

A very choice line of FANCY

SOCKS.

—

Don't fail to see our new

FANCY SHIRTS.

—

We still run the celebrated

COSMOPOLITAN AND KEEP

WHITE SHIRTS.

—